

DAILY DEMOCRAT.

Official Journal of the Constitutional Convention of the State of Louisiana.

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NEW ORLEANS, AUGUST 31, 1879.

E. A. BURKE, Managing Editor.

TRIPLE SHEET

TO THE PUBLIC.

The first of September edition of the Democrat will be one of the largest and most interesting papers ever published in the South.

It will contain an exhaustive but condensed review of the business of the past commercial year, accurate statistical information of the movement of the staple products of the country, the latest market reports, domestic and foreign, together with general financial intelligence from all parts of the world.

A special feature of this edition will be a finely executed and complete map showing all the trade connections of New Orleans, especially the Morgan and the New Orleans Pacific Railroads, the former of which will certainly be completed by December next, and place our city in direct communication with the vast and growing Empire of Texas.

In all its various departments the paper will be filled with interesting information and data, and merchants can send their friends in the country no more welcome present or reminder than a copy of our first of September edition. The extensive circulation of the DEMOCRAT among the very best people in the country parishes and in adjoining States should alone recommend it to merchants who desire to advertise their goods. As the edition will be extremely large our patrons should send in their advertisement at an early day, in order to ensure their securing a good position in the paper.

Papers to be sent to the country will be put up in wrappers and stamped on the margin with the name of persons or firms ordering. To secure prompt delivery such orders should be left at the counter as soon as possible.

SAVINGS BY THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

Legislative department.....	\$115,120
Executive department.....	64,060
Judiciary department.....	54,500
Miscellaneous.....	170,000
Interest (if 2 per cent.).....	600,000
Total.....	\$1,003,680

Utica has not yet heard of that little affair at Narragansett Pier. Conkling has just been elected by his home constituency to represent them in the approaching Republican State Convention.

The statistics of savings in the banks of France show an increase truly wonderful. In 1873 the total amount did not exceed \$73,000,000 francs. Two years later they had increased to 600,000,000, in 1876 to 769,000,000, and in 1878 to 1,010,000,000. Thus in four years the actual increase was 337,000,000 francs. This is claimed to be without precedent in the history of savings banks in France or elsewhere.

No watering place has ever equaled Coney Island in the magnitude of its business. The hotels there are so crowded that they cannot lodge their employees. The number of people who are seen at the tables is simply immense. One hotel is said to have had an average of 20,000 daily, and one day the number was increased to 45,000. As a further evidence of the vast business done it is asserted that in one of the hotels 30,000 napkins are washed every night.

At almost the identical time as the Yazoo affair, occurred an outrage in Iowa, which the Northern papers have somewhat overlooked. The stalwart editor of the Lemare Sentinel, who lately started an Okolona States in the Hawkeye State, insulted a school teacher of the neighborhood named LaGrange, and was severely handled and beaten by him; whereupon the stalwart howled and ran, shouting for help. There is no particular moral in this story, as everybody must have known the true character and nature of the scribbler who wrote the stupid abuse of the South in the Sentinel.

Consolation Clinton remains modestly in the background. He has been charged with raceability and mildly mentions that he has been successful in business. He has also been charged with other little peccadilloes that seem to require some explanation. For instance, it has been alleged that he escaped the Penitentiary by the bribery of a juror. He has neither replied to this in his newspaper, nor has he gone into a court of justice to vindicate his character. Why is this? Does he know that he really has no character, except a very bad one, and that a jury would so decide?

Galveston and Houston are at it again. The quarantine war lately waged on paper between these cities bids fair to come to something more serious. It is conceded that Houston's quarantine against Galveston was based upon rather a flimsy pretext, but the means Galveston is taking to remove the obstructions thus placed upon her intercourse with the interior of Texas are more than questionable. To attempt to raise even an unjust quarantine by force is a bad business. Galveston would do well to move cautiously in this matter. She should remember that Houston has even better grounds to quarantine her than she had to quarantine New Orleans in the first instance. She has admitted to her citizens a vessel from an infected port against Houston's protest, whereas New Orleans only refused to order an unqualified quarantine against it.

LET US REASON TOGETHER.

Never before the present year has the subject of quarantine, in this city, been discussed with so much violence and so little sense. Indeed, a question touching not only the commercial interests of New Orleans, but also the happiness and lives of nearly the whole population of the Southwest, has been handled in the most partisan, vicious and ignorant manner, and apparently with no other purpose save that of creating a sensation and exciting a popular clamor against the Board of Health. Unquestionably there are strong arguments and stubborn precedents against the efficacy of quarantine, as there are others in support of it. In fact, the question is an experimental one, and the most learned, thoughtful and practical physicians, sanitarians and scientists differ in their opinions relative to it.

It would seem that where learned and distinguished men differ on, and discuss with doubt, a question which they have investigated from the highest scientific standpoints, others should hesitate to advance their own crude views with dogmatic force, or to assault with bitterness and denunciation all who do not accept their fantastic theories, conceived in ignorance and unsupported by other argument than abuse.

But unfortunately this has not been the case in this instance in this city. Certain journals have taken it upon themselves to hold that yellow fever is indigenous to New Orleans; that quarantine is of no account; that the Board of Health is an unmitigated evil. Laying down these propositions, these journals have set to work to abuse everybody who maintain different opinions; they have appealed to the worst passions of the community, and thus raised a popular clamor against the Board of Health, and provoked in our midst a fierce and unreasoning controversy, which has established no fact, principle or common sentiment, while it has wrought most disastrously to our city, brought us into suspicion abroad, and made us a subject of ridicule and denunciation in every section of the country.

We do not wish to be misunderstood. We respect the opinions of, and we have no word of condemnation to speak against that large and respectable body of citizens who are opposed to the policy of the Board of Health. We entertain the same feelings toward the large and influential body of business men who have come forward in support of the Board of Health, and whose petition or address on that line we print in this issue of the DEMOCRAT.

These gentlemen, on both sides, have large interest at stake. Their names are familiar to us as leading, patriotic and wealthy citizens. The views of both bodies are entitled to respect and it is fortunate that both have briefly stated their views and virtually taken the controversy out of the control of virulent and unprincipled sheets which have agitated this great issue from the stand point of their own personal grievances.

We say that it is fortunate that the citizens who are opposed to the policy of the Board of Health and those who support that policy have made a public statement of their views. We say this because we now clearly understand the real difference between us, and that difference seems to us, if moderate counsel prevail, not irreconcilable. "A rational quarantine" is what every body desires. We doubt if there is a single man of sense in New Orleans who desires the abolition absolutely of quarantine. The only question then to decide is: What constitutes a rational quarantine? Wise and patriotic men differ on this point, of course, as they do upon every other vital proposition. But surely their differences of opinion may be so narrowed as to bring the community to agree upon some system which will give us protection, and which will inspire the interior with confidence in our determination to protect, as far as lies in our power, the whole country contiguous to us.

But this cannot be accomplished by virulent abuse; by denouncing the Board of Health as idiots and public robbers and all who support them as public enemies. But it can be done by conferences between representatives of the two bodies of citizens, who have expressed themselves on the subject, and between such representatives and the Board of Health. When the common object is the common good there can be no great difficulty in arriving at a ground of co-operation.

It is high time that this great and, just now, all-important subject was being discussed in the spirit, and to the end we have suggested. Virulent defamers of honest men; vicious exponents of the inflammable element of society; men who would rather defame an opponent than advance the common good, should now be sent to the rear in this discussion, and temperate and sensible men who have great interests at stake and whose object is the real prosperity of the city should, as they have commenced to do, take up and determine the issue.

As for our part, we have never affirmed or denied the competency of quarantine to exclude yellow fever from our shores. But we have consistently held, from a business and commercial standpoint, that quarantine was an absolute necessity to the trade of New Orleans. The people of the interior of the Southwest, from which we draw nine-tenths of our trade, firmly believe in it. At least they demand that it shall be fully tested, and we cannot ignore the demand. Were the quarantine abolished or materially modified, we would, it is true, have during the summer and fall an open port; but we would have an open port at the expense of our interior connections, and those rates through which is poured the richest part of our summer and fall trade would be absolutely closed against us, and then, indeed, would the summer grass begin to grow in our thoroughfares.

The DEMOCRAT favors a "rational quarantine," and earnestly advises the opposing factions to agree upon such regulations as will put an end to further acrimony.

ESOP'S FROG DISCOUNTED.

There was a ripple of amusement among the readers of the Times yesterday. The cause was the perusal of an article in that journal on "Independent Journalism Illustrated," in which, after speaking in the most eulogistic manner of those rarely meritorious and great independent newspapers, the New York World, Times and Herald, the associated editor complacently plumes himself upon the independence of the Times, and remarks: "It is the aim of the managers of the New Orleans Times to maintain an independent journal of this type."

This, we submit, is the sublimest exhibition of "cheek" to which this community has ever been treated. It forcibly recalls, and is indeed more grotesquely absurd than the ambitious but fatal attempt of Esop's frog to emulate the noble ox in size and importance.

One hardly knows which to laugh at the more, the folly of the frog in the fable, or the cheek and impudence of the journalistic frog.

Does the Times indulge in the delusion that the people of New Orleans have no memories? Does it fancy that they can forget where it stood long before and on the very eve of the Fourteenth of September? How it struggled with all its strength to discourage the grand movement and to keep the people under a thralldom which had become unendurable! The barbed and venomous arrows of its sarcasms were aimed at our best and most gallant citizens, and its managers and editors were the close allies and firm friends of Kellogg and his usurping government. The owner of the Times then is the owner of the Times now; the men who slandered and vilified our people then are the men who, with a monstrous and shameless affectation of sincerity, claim to be their only true and reliable friends now. Can, then, the leopard change his spots? Can the man who but recently could find no words wherewith to express their scorn and contempt for the people of New Orleans or their admiration for our deadliest foes have so soon experienced a genuine "change of heart?"

Or is this extraordinary exhibition of ground-and-lofty tumbling one of the evidences of that independence in journalism to which the Times has so recently become a convert, and for which, to suit its own Machiavellian purposes, it is praising now with all a convert's zeal.

It seems but yesterday that the Times after having taken a little summer cruise in the sea of independent journalism, suddenly (and so suddenly as to excite the uncharitable remarks and insinuations of not ordinarily suspicious people) put her helm hard-a-port, so to speak, and rounded gracefully into the harbor of the regular Democratic party, where she blazed away, firing shot into the rascally rebel crafts that were flying the independent flag. She was a ship of the Line in that campaign—the last campaign, and her disgraceful desertion to the Independent fleet at this time will not redound to her fame.

To drop metaphor, the attempt of the Times to rank itself with the really independent journals of the country and to hoodwink the people here into the belief that it is not inimical to their every interest, nor their bitterest and most malignant foe, is so glaringly absurd that it cannot deceive any thinking man.

Instinctively every citizen of New Orleans must feel that the division of the Democratic party and the consequent success of Radicalism in this State is what the Times most ardently desires and will endeavor to accomplish.

THE DEATH OF A HERO.

One of the saddest domestic tragedies it has ever been our sorrowful task to record is the announcement of the death of the heroic John B. Hood, following so quickly upon that of his loved consort, and occurring when his oldest child was pronounced in extreme danger from the same insidious malady, so mysteriously introduced into his household.

The General departed this life at 3:30 a. m. yesterday morning, August 30. When last seen in public it was as chief mourner for his wife in the funeral ceremonies of Monday last, the twenty-fourth of August.

Greatly prostrated by this heavy affliction, he bore himself with characteristic fortitude and heroism on this melancholy occasion. The sympathy, so eloquently expressed, of his numerous friends was received by him with grateful appreciation, but with that dignity and silence of a man whose bereavement had been too profound, too irreparable, to be alleviated, whose grief was too unutterable to find relief through the ordinary vents of such emotions. He retired to his family of little orphans, and there sought and found in their childish lamentations a far larger source of consolation and support, of his noble endowments of endurance and fortitude, against calamity and suffering, than could be drawn from all the eloquence of sympathizing friends.

The exhaustion left by these drafts upon his great resources of courage and self-control, with his terrible mutilations by wounds received in the wars in which he had been engaged, made him an easy victim and conquest of the malady that seized him. And yet the disease, with characteristic deceitfulness, made its approaches, and not until yesterday was it pronounced an attack of yellow fever, and even then of a mild form. The first specific symptom of the disease was quickly relieved, and up to midnight of Friday it was confidently believed that his progress was favorable and promising. So much so, and indeed if it had not been so, the noble veteran was far more exercised about the condition of his oldest child, seized with fever at the same time, than he was concerned for his own chances of an early convalescence.

Towards night, however, the unfavorable symptoms, which had been relieved during the day, were renewed, and were followed by other even more distinctive traits, and after hours of suffering and fluctuation between life and death, dependent upon the caprices of this mysterious malady for the issue of this conflict, and just before the break of day, at the very hour when the veteran soldier had been accustomed to spring from his lair and hastily put on his armor to rush to the front of battle in the great wars in which he had been so conspicuously engaged, the call was made by the Sovereign Commander and Ruler of all men to surrender his valuable life and enrol his own "among the immortal names that were not born to die." And thus, a little before 4 a. m. of August 28, departed John B. Hood, a hero, soldier and patriot of unblemished and lustrous record, of marvelous prowess, of the highest virtues of humanity, a citizen, a gentleman, a father and husband, a Christian without guile, flaw or even weakness to mar the beautiful harmony of a perfect character.

He was a native of Kentucky, and embodied the highest moral and physical characteristics of that race and blood. A stalwart form, a dauntless nature, a cavalier bearing, were the characteristics which he derived from his birth and his youthful training. So distinctly marked for a soldier, Hood in his youth secured an appointment to and passed with fidelity and success through the curriculum of our National Military Academy at West Point. This term of tuition at education embraced the period between July, 1849, and July, 1853. Graduating in the distinguished class which included such renowned military chiefs as McPherson, Schofield, Craghill and Terrell, and Phil Sheridan, so distinguished on the Union side of our great civil war, and of Bowen, Rich, Chambliss and others equally prominent on the Confederate side, Hood entered the army as lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, in which he served for several years on post and from-

tier duty. It was not until 1860 that he was promoted to the cavalry service as a lieutenant in the Second Cavalry, of which Albert Sidney Johnston was the colonel.

Meantime, he had seen much active service on the Texas frontier, and was engaged in several trying conflicts with the Comanches and Lipans. In one of these, at Devil's Run, in West Texas, he gave signal proof of his coolness, courage and address, by the skill and fortitude with which he compassed with only twenty-five men the capture of a largely superior force of savages, who had severely wounded himself and several of his men.

But we do not propose here to sketch the military career of John B. Hood. That task, we hope, will be assumed by some more competent writer with larger space and better opportunity to perform it satisfactorily than we can now command.

When our civil war broke out, Hood resigned his position in the old army and repaired to Richmond to offer his services to defend his native and loved South. He was appointed a major of cavalry, and assigned to the command of an irregular squadron of mounted volunteers, whom he drilled and organized for service. But the command was too small, and the service too limited for his zeal, ambition and energy. He therefore volunteered to aid in the organization and drilling of numerous companies of Texans, which had rushed to Richmond to engage in the great struggle in which the South had become involved.

These companies were organized into a regiment, which wisely selected Hood as their Colonel. To him they owe the great distinction won by this regiment in the great conflicts which followed. Even their valor and prowess, without his example, military skill and direction would never have secured them the large measure of fame accorded to the brave Texans through the stirring scenes of the great drama enacted on the theatre of the Old Dominion.

Beginning their career on the Peninsula, at Ellamah's Landing, by an effective and gallant dash on McClellan's advancing and overwhelming army, which arrested and checked the progress of the Federal commander, the heroic Texans and their lion-hearted chief performed a prominent part in all the subsequent events of the several campaigns in Virginia—their commander advancing by regular grades of service, achievement and wounds from a Colonel to Brigadier, to Major General, and Lieutenant General, but always clinging to his Texas as his chief reliance in all the operations of his brigade, division and corps.

We cannot here, even superficially narrate the military career of Gen. Hood. He was always on hand for any service; the more desperate the more certain to be executed with the highest displays of devotion and bravery. In nearly all of the great battles it was his ill-luck to receive serious wounds. At Gaines' Mill he was shot through the body. At Gettysburg his left arm was so badly shattered as to subject him to the terrible and exhausting surgical operation of two resections of the bone, which ever afterward rendered that limb useless. This was in the beginning of July, 1863. He had not recovered from the effects of this wound and operation when, with Longstreet's corps, his command was transferred from Virginia to reinforce Bragg at Chickamauga. Here, with his indomitable division, he confronted the enemy of largely superior force, with the same dauntless vigor and valor and disregard of danger and physical infirmity he had displayed in the Virginia campaigns, though crippled and exhausted by the loss of the blood with which he had drenched the soil of so many battlefields. With his shattered, still unhealed wounded and useless arm, buckled to his body, and with debilitated form and pallid face, he assumed his old position on the right of his old division, with that fire and enthusiasm that always marked his bearing on the eve of a great conflict, and which he never failed to communicate to all his followers.

It was in this conflict that he received the terrible wound, which would have closed the active career of any other chieftain of whose military service history has given a record. The circumstances of this fearful wounding were related by the General and confirmed by his surgeon who amputated his leg, that respected gentleman and eminent member of our faculty, Prof. T. G. Richardson, of this city. In the midst of the struggle of this great conflict of the two armies at Chickamauga Gen. Hood's division occupied the extreme left of Bragg's army. Observing some confusion in that part of the line occupied by his old regiment, the Fourth Texas, Gen. Hood galloped in that direction and called loudly to the officers and men to rally to their colors, which were held under a crashing fire by a gallant young Texan in the position assigned to him. As soon as the General was recognized by his old followers—his "people," as he always called them—they rushed to the front and aligned themselves on their colors and dressed with all the precision and regularity of veteran regulars.

"Give me the colors," the General asked of the staunch young color bearer, stretching forth his right arm to grasp the staff, and saluting his bride with his teeth.

The gallant young color bearer shook his head and said:

"General, these colors have been entrusted to me with orders never to yield them to anybody as long as I have life in my body. I will bear them wherever you order me, but I cannot surrender them to any one."

At the very moment of this colloquy the General received the wound which fractured his right thigh. A minute ball had penetrated the flesh and on coming in contact with the bone exploded, creating a frightful wound. With the wounded leg dangling helplessly, and only held together by the remnant of flesh which had not been severed by the explosive, holding the bridle between his teeth and resting his right arm on the pommel of his saddle, he gently slid to the ground, where he was quickly surrounded by some of his veteran Texans, who procured a stretcher and bore him to the rear. Amid all the agony of his painful wound the heroic chieftain could not forbear an exultant shout when informed that his "people" had swept the enemy from the field.

On the examination of his wound the surgeons decided that, owing to the exhaustion produced by his still unhealed fracture, and the terrible drain of the two operations of resection to which he had been recently subjected, that amputation would involve certain death.

"But is there not a single chance for me, say one in a thousand?" he asked of Dr. Richardson.

"Then cut it off; I'll take that chance—I must fight this war through."

The doctor, before administering the chloroform, asked if he had any communications

or dispositions to make, in view of the imminent peril of death, under the operation.

"Nothing, except that my remains should be buried in the soil of Texas, where my strongest affections and most glorious associations are centered."

He survived the operation, and indeed recovered so rapidly from its effects that he appeared in the saddle and at the head of his invincible division before the expiration of an ordinary furlough. Though thus fearfully mutilated, deprived of the use of two of his limbs—his left arm and right leg—he was never absent from his post of duty, but fought through the whole campaign of Johnston's retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, taking part in every action. Assigned by President Davis to command the movement of the remnant of Johnston's army against the enemy's rear, he undertook, and with wonderful energy, marched his army into Tennessee and struck the entrenched forces of Gen. Thomas, at Franklin and Nashville, with desperate, dauntless, but unavailing vigor.

This strategy and movement, which were adopted and ordered by the Confederate authorities, have been and are now the subjects of criticism and discussion. Gen. Hood had written an elaborate history and defense of this campaign, and was preparing to take it to the North for publication when the illness of his wife arrested his purpose. His friends, however, will take care that this cherished design is carried out. The whole world will accept it as an honest and truthful narrative, and a more reliable history than has yet appeared of this desperate enterprise.

When the war closed Gen. Hood retired to Texas, the scene of his earliest exploits, which he determined to make the theatre of his energetic efforts and labors in civil pursuits. Engaging in the life insurance business, he prosecuted it with such activity, tact and popularity of manner and address as to realize very handsome results for the company of which he was the agent, and in the way of commissions to secure quite a competency for himself.

In 1868 he married Miss Anna Marie Hemmen, one of the most accomplished and elegant ladies in this State, whose lamented decease and beautiful character are imperfectly sketched in the DEMOCRAT of Tuesday last. Ten children born of this happy marriage survive their parents, forming a group of little orphans, whose care and guardianship should devolve as one of the most sacred duties of popular gratitude and patriotism upon the State, with whose glory and honor the name of John B. Hood must be indissolubly associated as the heroic chieftain of that famous division which he led through our great civil war with such renown, and as the youthful defender of her people against the savages who raided her borders in the infancy of her settlement. Upon the great State of Texas should fall the honor of the charge, care and education of the orphans of the heroic chieftain, who achieved and suffered so much to shed lustre on her character, her arms, and the patriotic devotion of her people.

Now is the time for agricultural shows and political bids for the Presidency. The St. Louis Republic, which has a full list of all the county and district fairs in the country, find that there are in thirty-three States alone no less than six hundred of these shows. Here is more than room enough for all the candidates for the Presidency to air their views on the "situation and the remedy."

Monogram Whiskies

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